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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

All communications by mail must be post-paid or otherwise indicated.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal:
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C. C. McSWAIN, Carlisle, N. C.
W. G. MOORE, Esq., Camden, S. C.
And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

There is a mingling in the sky
Of mist and golden light,
Like thoughts of heaven's futurity,
Half shadowy, and half bright.
There is a mournful hush about
The once gay laughing earth,
No out-door song, no harvest shout,
No sound of ringing mirth.
The woods are dark the gardens bare,
The winds with fitful breath,
Sing softly through the trembling air,
A requiem of death.
Autumn lies dead upon his bier,
The hectic glow is past
From the wan face of the sweet year,
And she is dying fast.
She hath numbered her remaining hours,
And laid to quiet rest
Her children, the bright leaves and flowers,
That were nourished on her breast.
And she hath parted with her friends,
They have vanished all away;
But one who now in silence bends
To watch her slow decay.
The Indian summer, grave not sad,
With a mild countenance,
Serenely bright, as it had
An unborn radiance,
Like a good minister, who tries
When other friends are gone,
To shed sweet peace, o'er one who dies,
To comfort those who mourn.
So, when red Autumn's sun has set,
And Winter comes like night,
The Indian summer lingers yet
With a soft, and solemn light,
And doth a sacred stillness keep,
While the cold year sinks low,
Till peacefully she falls asleep,
Wrapt in her shroud of snow.

THE MANIAC CLOWN.

A Tale of Thrilling Interest.

[The following narrative, with scarcely an alteration, is true. The particulars, thrilling as they are, were taken from the mouth of the unfortunate creature, during one of the lucid intervals between his howls of madness while confined in the madhouse of P—, England, and may be remembered as being noticed by the journals of the time; the notes were laid aside—but not forgotten, and the author but wanted an opportunity to place them in this manner before the public.]

"And here," said the keeper, as he came to No. 13, from whence came low moaning, "here we have a strange prisoner, from whom you may gather a tale worthy of note, and surpassing any you have taken, if we can but find him quiet, as he is at times; a strange story is his, and he is one of the most savage and raving prisoners we have at times."

So saying, he unlocked the door, after having looked through the gate, and we entered; crouched down upon his iron and immovable stool in the corner, with his face buried in his hands, his hair long, black and matted, his dress fantastical and strange—being but the attire, torn in various places, of a ring maniac—was a man, who moved not at our entrance; he was, like all we had seen, chained by the wrists to the floor, rendering it impossible for him to move more than was required in sitting or lying upon the coarse bed beside him. Nothing escaped him except a low moaning, which, at times, he sent forth, and shaking his head, buried it still deeper in his hands. The keeper said in this manner he had passed whole days and then he was more peaceable and less violent.

Touching him with the end of the stick he held in his hand, he said—"Look up." And the miserable creature turned up his haggard face to our view. "Why do you come here again," said he, sadly—"to make a show of me? You tell me, and those who come to see me, that I am mad! do you not fear me? ay, strong man—do you not fear me, weak creature that I am? yes, and so you chain my arms and hands and feet, so that I cannot lift them up,

but look ye, there is one thing you cannot manacle, and if you could, I would bear all the chains that could be heaped upon me—my memory! Chain that! keep that dread from before me—let it not haunt me night and day—let me not hear that voice that rings forever in my ear, and you may chain and load me down, and I will thank you for it." And he dropped his head and buried his face once more in his hands.

"He has not been so rational for many a day," said his keeper, "for which I am truly thankful, for he is like a lion when the fits are on him," and—

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the madman, rising, and flinging his arms as high as his manacles allowed—"ha! ha! ha! I am with you once again. Come, is all ready? who goes first? why do you stare so wildly at me? Come, I am merry, and shall make them laugh to-night—ha! ha! ha!" and his pale face was lit up with a wild demoniacal expression. Soon he spoke again:

"Where's Mary? not come yet? Strange—it's time—long past time, and she knew well she should be here early. Why gaze at me? she is not—no, no, nothing has happened—tell me, is she safe, is my dear child safe? Oh God! I remember, Mary is dead—dead! Ha! ha! ha!" And with loud shrieks, he dashed his hand to his forehead.

Soon he sat down upon his low iron stool, dejectedly, and spoke not; then looking up again, he gazed round and upon the keeper and myself who stood by the door beyond his reach.

"Come nearer to me," said he beckoning; "come near, not you; no, not you, I fear you," and he shuddered as the keeper stepped towards him—"I fear you, for your eyes strike terror to my heart; and that, and the form of my child before me ever, are all a dread!—Come, and I will tell you of my child—my little Mary, my own pet child, I'll tell you how she died."

Not daring to trust myself within his reach, I stepped as near to him as possible, so that he could not reach me; he bent forward, placed his head upon his hand and with a sudden tremor, and wildly glaring eye, he began:

Once, I know not when, but I could count by days, I knew the night, could tell the bright sun and clear moon—and stars, but now all are the same to me—days I know none, and light lingers around me ever; well, long, long ago, ere I came to this dull, gloomy place, I was out among men; drank, ate, cried, laughed, like men, ay, and that too merrily, for I was jester in the ring, made the crowd, the heartless rabble laugh and shout, and raised a merry noise, no matter if my heart was sick or gay, but I was glad sometimes to see the long tiers, the closely packed boxes, and the stalls, each one with smiles, to hear the loud laugh and the merry words, and know that I was the cause of it all—to hear the loud hurrahs, and to see them wave their hats and handkerchiefs, when, with a shrill whoop, I jumped into the ring. That would cheer me sometimes when my heart belied the laugh upon my face, the jest to which my tongue gave utterance.

"Well, so ye-a went on, until my wife my own beloved Mary, died; she whom I loved so dearly and truly, I laid to sleep in the cold, damp earth; no one could have thought that I, the jester, the clown, the one who then laughed, could weep! But, oh! how many hours I have passed beside that lonely grave of my Mary! she loved me as few women love; she had trod on the same rough road, walk beside me in my troubles and sorrows, sharing what I enjoyed or suffering without a murmur; and when I knew she was dead, it seemed as if my time on earth was over, and the same grave dug for her should take me also. But she had left me one over whom I must watch with anxiousness, and love, if I could, more than heretofore—my little daughter, the image of her mother, my own little pet Mary.

"I struggle with the deep, the bitter curse of poverty. Could I have gained a livelihood by toil, incessant hardship and endurance; elsewhere, gladly would I have rushed to it, and blessed heaven for its kindness. But no; poor broken-down, a miserable wretched man—no profession, no business save the one I followed. I was still forced to drag on the arena, where my wants allowed but a very short, scanty respite upon my wife's death.

But what cared the crowd? the clown should not be said; no, no, impossible for the ring jester to weep, it was a thing unheard of, and would raise a louder laugh than any of my liveliest sallies. And so, with a heart overburdened, sick and faint, I was forced to laugh and make merry.

"Oh, what a pleasure and joy to me was little Mary! how her sweet artless smiles lit up the gloom within my breast—how her merry laugh made me feel young and happy for the time, and with what fondness, strange, ay, mad devotion, did I hang upon every word, every look of hers! She grew and was beautiful indeed.

"How many hours when the toil of my profession was over for the night did I sit beside her little cot, and gaze upon her as she lay sleeping before me! often, very often, with a smile playing upon her lovely face, telling that her dreams were sweet and pleasant and making me even smile myself as I looked upon her, and wish that I was young, and innocent as she.

"And then what horrid, horrid thoughts came crowding in upon my feverish brain. Ah! how I'd struggle and fight with them, and I would weep and moan aloud.

some time, as did her mother, as must I, as must all of us, but should that moment be while I remained on earth? Oh, how I prayed to God to arrest death's dart till I was in the skies—Yes, will you believe it, the clown—mark me, the clown prayed! The one, who, in fanciful attire, leaped and rode, joking and making merry in the ring—he, the one who wept beside the grave of his dear wife, prayed beside the cot of his child—he prayed for her!

"And then again, another and more dreadful vision came to me! to which the thought of death was nothing; should she, growing more beautiful and fascinating every hour—still continue the object of my entire thought and fall to sin—oh, God! the thought was sickening; then how I bent me down and prayed—then how I trembled for the fate of my dear child.

"London's no place for a young, motherless and beautiful girl; for temptation and every allurements of sin and vice existed on each turn; and should she fall! Would that ere that moment I could see her a corpse before me.

"Well, as I'd sit and gaze and muse on all this, and my thick coming fancy passed before me, sometimes she would wake; at first she was surprised to find me there in tears, and sought to know the cause; and she would say, 'Dear father, do go to rest, for you look pale, very pale, yes do go, father, for your own little Mary asks you; then I'd kiss and bid her good night, wishing her pleasant dreams, and leave her till I thought she was asleep again, and then so softly creeping back to watch till morning.

"Each day, each moment, found me growing weaker and weaker. And, as she grew more and more fair and beautiful, the more and more I failed in strength and everything—everything but love to her—no abatement could there be in that while the life-blood coursed through my veins.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

B. W. CHAMBERS,
Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,
AND
Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
CAMDEN, S. C.

C. MATHESON,
BANK AGENT.
AT HIS OLD STAND OPPOSITE DAVIS'S HOTEL

MOFFAT & MOORE,
AUCTIONEERS & GENERAL AGENTS,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Jan. 6. 2

WILLIAM C. MOORE,
BANK AGENT,
And Receiving and Forwarding Merchant
CAMDEN, S. C.

REFERENCES—W. E. JOHNSON, Esq. Maj. J. M. DeSaussure, T. J. Warren, Esq.

Bogardus' Planetary Horse Power.
THE subscribers have received one of the above machines from the manufactory of Geo. Vail & Co. in which they would call the attention of those who want power for Ginning, Sawing or Grinding. Orders for any kind of MILL IRONS or CASTINGS will be promptly attended to. McDOW & COOPER.
Sept. 20, 1850. 75

Clothing at Cost!
A Lot ready made Coats, Pants, Vests, Overcoats, and Merino Shirts and Pants, Linen Shirts and Collars. By H. LEVY & SON.
Jan. 24 7

WHISKEY, RUM AND BRANDY.
50 Bbls. Rectified Whiskey,
50 Bbls. New England Rum
5 casks Domestic Brandy
40 doz Old Madeira Wine
60 doz. Porter and Ale, in quart and pint
Received and for sale by
Jan. 20 JOHN W. BRADLEY.

Carpetings and Rugs at Cost!
A few pieces Carpetings, at positively cost.
By H. LEVY & SON.
Jan. 23 7

JOS. B. KERSHAW,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Will attend the courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

To Rent.
THAT brick dwelling and store, next to the "Mansion House," now occupied by T. Bonnell. Apply to J. B. KERSHAW, Esq.
Dec. 24 101

The subscriber has just finished off a lot of Mahogany Rocking Chairs in push. Also Sewing Chairs in push and hair; very neat articles and at unusually low prices. C. L. CHATTEN.

Mill Gudgeons, &c.
Mill Gudgeons, 10 1/2 to 20 inch
Mill Cranks, assorted sizes
North Carolina, English and Northern Hollow Ware, assorted, from 1/2 to 55 gallons
Patent Iron Axles, 1 to 2 1/2 inch.
Mill Irons of any kind furnished to order.
McDOW & COOPER.
July 8 54

150 SIDES best Hemlock Leathers.
Just received and for sale at 17 cts per lb. by
JOHN W. BRADLEY.

CORN Shellers, Patent Straw Cutters, Ploughs, Patent Corners of the most approved kind—Rocking and sitting Chairs, Pails, Tubs, &c., just received by
Sept. 17, [74] E. W. BONNEY.

Carpeting!!!
JUST opened and for sale, common, extra fine, superior, and imperial three ply Carpets, of new patterns. Also, Printed Floor Cloths, Rugs, and cotton Carpeting. Sept. 17, [74] E. W. BONNEY.

Dry Goods.
THE Subscriber has just added to his stock of GROCERIES.

20 Pieces Cheap Calico.
30 " Home-spuns and Osbnaburgs,
Checks, Tickings, Shawls, Handkerchiefs, Tweeds, Cassimeres, Dimmins, &c., with all articles usually kept in a well selected assortment.
W. M. C. MOORE.
Feb. 11 12

THE SOUTHERN STORE.

ALL who wish Bargains, are invited to call at A. K. S. MOFFAT'S new Southern Store, third house above the bank of Camden, where they will find a complete assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, consisting in part, as follows:

Fancy and mourning Prints
7-8 and 4-4 brown Shirtings
Blue Denims and Marlborough Stripes
Satinets and Kentucky Jeans
Cloths and fancy Cassimeres
Negro Keseys; Bed and Negro Blankets
Mous. De'aines, Ginghams, &c.

Groceries.
Brown, Leaf, crushed and clarified Sugar
Rio and Java Coffees
New Orleans and West India Molasses
Mac'arel, Nos. 2 and 3—Lard
Cheese, Rice, Flour, Bacon and Salt
Raising, Pepper, Spice
Tobacco, Segars, &c. &c.

Hardware.
Pocket Knives and Forks
Britannia and Iron Spoons
Trace and Halter Chains
Axes, Hammers and Hatchets
Spades, Shovels and Hoops
Hand, mill and crosscut saws
Vices, anvils and blacksmith's bellows
Nails, brads, tacks and spigs
Knob, pad, closet and stock locks
Iron squares, compasses and plane irons
Brushes, blacking, cotton and wool cards
Broadaxes and steelyards; pots and skillets
Broad and narrow Iron &c.

Ready Made Clothing
of every description.
Saddles, Bridles and Martingales
Crockery and Glassware
Gunny and Dundee Bagging
Kentucky Rope and Twine

Together with every other article usually found in a well selected stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware. All of which will be sold exceedingly low for cash.

The highest market prices paid for cotton and other country produce.
Dec. 24, K. S. MOFFAT.

Bounty Land.
THE subscriber will prosecute claims for Land or Pensions, on reasonable terms. Soldiers and officers, in the Mexican war, in the War of 1812, the Florida war, and other Indian wars, are entitled to Bounty Land. J. B. KERSHAW.
Dec. 24, 1851 Att'y at Law.

New Fall Goods.
THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now receiving his Fall supply of

Groceries, Domestic, &c.
Consisting in part, of the following articles, viz—
Brown, crushed, loaf and clarified Sugars
New Orleans and Muscovado Molasses
Rio and Java Coffee
Rice, Cheese, Bacon and Lard
No. 2 and 3 Mackerel
Corn, Flour, Oats, Salt
Swedes Iron of all sizes
Powder, Shot, Lead, Soaps, Starch, Candles
Fine and common Tobacco

Bagging, Rope and Twine.
Men and boy's Wagon Saddles
Riding and Waggon Bridles
Hames, Collars, Riding and Waggon Whips

—ALSO—
Crockery, Glass and Hardware
Collins' best Axes, Nails, assorted size
Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks
Negro Cloths,
Bleached and brown Home-spuns
Bed, Negro and Riding BLANKETS

—ALSO—
A few cases of men and boys Hats and Caps
With all other articles usually found in a well supplied Grocery and Hardware store, all of which will be sold exceedingly low for cash.

B. W. CHAMBERS.
Camden, S. C. Sept. 3. 70

MANSION HOUSE.
CAMDEN, S. C.
CARD.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends, and the travelling Public, for the liberal support which he has received since he has been opened, (four months) and has entered upon his duties for 1851, with renewed energy to endeavor to please all that may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will be found one of the most desirable, situated, and best furnished Hotels in Camden. His servants also will be found respectful and attentive, and the table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully supplied with Provender, and an experienced Hostler. An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for passengers for the Railroad. Give me a call and test my motto.
As you find me,
So recommend me.
E. G. ROBINSON.
Proprietor.
Camden, February 7th, 1851 11

Temperance Hotel.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the travelling public in general, that he has again rented the above Hotel for a short time and would respectfully solicit a portion of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him heretofore, as no pains will be spared to make the traveller comfortable and at home.

The Stages, and Omnibuses will call regularly at the House for passengers, going by Railroad. Also, Horses, and Buggies, can be had from him on reasonable terms, to go in the country.
J. B. F. BOONE.
Feb. 11, 12

5 BOXES Smoked Halibut received and for sale by
SHAW & AUSTIN.
Feb. 18 14

3 BBL'S. Kennedy's Boston Butter Crackers, received and for sale, by
SHAW & AUSTIN.
Feb. 18 14

2 CASES Pie Fruit consisting of Rubarb, Gooseberries, Peaches, Whortleberries and Plums, received and for sale, by
SHAW & AUSTIN.
Feb. 18 14

20 BOXES I. E. Cheese, small size, received and for sale, by
SHAW & AUSTIN.
Feb. 18 14

10 BBL'S. Planting Potatoes, received and for sale, by
SHAW & AUSTIN.
Feb. 18 14

Family Groceries.

SUGAR.—Loaf, Crushed, Pulverized, Clarified light and brown light N. Orleans and Muscovado.

COFFEE.—Old Government Java, Rio, Laguaira, Chocolate, Broma, Cocoa.

TEA.—Imperial, Gunpowder, Hyson, Silverleaf Young, Hyson, Orange Pehoe and Golden Chai.

FLOUR.—Baltimore in Bbls., Extra Family Flour in Bags from selected Wheat. Buckwheat.

RICE.—Whole, Maccaroni, Farina, Currie Powder.

SOAP.—Chemical, Olive, Chinese Washing Fluid, Castile, Colgate's, Fancy.

HAMS.—Baltimore Sugar cured, Dried Beef, Pickled Beef, Mackerel, No. 1 in Kits Salmon do., Halibut, Fresh Salmon, Lobsters, Sardines in whole, half and quarter boxes; Herring, Potted Yarnouth do.

PICKLES.—From Grouse & Blackwell, Upperwood and Lewis.

KETCHUPS.—Worcestershire, Harvey, John Bull Tomato, Walnut, Mushroom, King of Oude's, Saba, Pepper and Peach Vinegar, W. Wine do., Cider do., English and French Mustard, Spanish Olives, Capers, Anchovies Essences for flavoring.

PRESERVES.—Peaches, Apricots, Prunes in their own Juice, Pineapple, Limes, Prunes, West Indies do., Strawberry Jam, Figs, Raisins, Prunes.

CANDLES.—New Bedford Sperm, Solar do. Adamantine, Wax, colored do.

Received and for sale by
SHAW & AUSTIN.

FINE IRISH POTATOES.—A few this lot received by

1 Case Olives stuffed with Anchovies, Received and for sale by
SHAW & AUSTIN.

1 Case Green Peas, (French) Received and for sale by
SHAW & AUSTIN.

1 Case Pate de Foie Gras Strasbourg Received and for sale by
SHAW & AUSTIN.
Jan 30.

NEW FALL GOODS.

M. DRUCKER & CO.

ARE now just opening their large and new supply of seasonable Goods, consisting in part of Cloths, cassimeres, sattinets, vestings, linens, Plain and figured alpaca, mousseline de Laines, Ginghams, with other goods for Ladies Dresses.

A splendid variety of Calicoes, and the very best and cheapest bleached and brown Madras to be found in the town.

The above Goods have been selected with the greatest care, and will be sold as always, at the very lowest prices.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of GROCERIES, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:

Pulver Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackerel in kits, for family use; Rio and Java Coffees; crushed and brown Sugars; New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, fibbers, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

—ALSO—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heideick best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.

S. E. CAPERS.
Jan 1.

Notice.

HAVING disposed of my entire stock of Groceries to Mr. James J. Villenigge, formerly of the firm of Paul F. Villenigge & Son, I hereby respectfully, to solicit for him, the generous patronage of my former customers.

Those indebted to me either by note or open account, are earnestly requested to call on me at the old stand and settle, which will enable me to meet my own engagements.
S. BENSON.

Notice.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of J. C. Doby, dec'd will present them properly attested, and those indebted will make payment to
J. DUNLAP, Adm'r.
Jan. 30. 9

A FEW more of those fine Beef Tongues, received at
MOORE'S.
Feb 11 12

Notice.

AS I am about to leave this State, to travel abroad, I hereby appoint Mr. Thomas Lang as my general agent, to attend to my affairs during my absence.
L. C. ADAMSON.
Feb. 14 13

FARE REDUCED TO 620 FROM Charleston to New York.

The Great Mail Route from Charleston, S. C. LEAVING the wharf at the foot of Laurens st. daily at 3, p. m. after the arrival of the Southern cars, via Wilmington and Weldon, Petersburg, Richmond, to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and to New York.

The public is respectfully informed that the steamers of this line, from Charleston to Wilmington, are in first rate condition, and are navigated by well known and experienced commanders, and the Railroads are in fine order, thereby securing both safety and despatch. A THROUGH TICKET having already been in operation will be continued on and after the first of Oct. 1-49, as a permanent arrangement from Charleston to New York. Passengers availing themselves thereof will have the option to continue without delay through the route or otherwise, to stop at any intermediate points, renewing their seats on the line to suit their convenience. By this route travellers may reach New York on the third day during business hours. Baggage will be ticketed on board the steamer, as likewise on the change of cars at the intermediate points from thence to New York. Through Tickets can also be had of F. WIN SLOW, Agent of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad Company, at the office of the Company, foot of Laurens street, to whom please apply. For other information inquire of
L. C. DUNCAN,
at the American Hotel.

May 5, 24